

Fated to my Enemy by Diane Doherty Chapter 103

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288 Vouchers

Chapter **One Hundred Three**

Ryley

I **was** just finishing up with the cheesecake when Blake walked out of our bedroom. He was dressed in navy slacks and a white dress shirt. The top few buttons were undone and the sleeves were rolled up. Lily started to purr as I checked him out. Are we going to dinner or the bedroom?

He walked over to me and pulled me against his chest.

“Stop looking at me like that or we are never going down for dinner,” he growled against my ear, sending heat to my core.

“Or you can bend me over the counter. I’m sure we can be a little late,” I purred, kissing his neck. His grip on my hips tightened, as I waited for him to answer. I was hoping he’d play with me before dinner.

“We are already late, baby. And if my parents weren’t waiting, I would say fuck it.” He grumbled and I pouted.

“Don’t look at me like that.” He chuckled.

“You have all night to make it up to me,” I told him.

“And I intend to,” he mumbled, kissing my neck. I whimpered as he took my hand and led me out of the safety of our apartment.

“It won’t be that bad, I promise.” He reassured me as we walked down **the stairs, hand in hand**. I wanted to believe him, but the closer **we walked to the** dining room, the more my stomach twisted.

As soon as we walked into the dining room, my stomach was in my

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throat as the alpha table was full of people and the only seat left was **Blake’s**. The women at the table had a smug look on their faces as we approached the **table**, hand in hand.

“Mom, you can have my seat,” Channing offered.

“Yeah, we can go sit with our friends,” Aspen said.

“It’s fine, your mother can sit with me,” Blake said. He pulled out his chair and sat down before pulling me to sit in his lap.

“What are you doing?” I linked him. He wrapped his arms around my waist as I wrapped mine around his neck.

“Proving a point.” He rubbed his nose against mine before his lips brushed against my lips.

“Son, is that really necessary?” His mother scoffed.

“It is, Mother. She is mine and you didn’t save her a seat. So, she will sit with me.” Blake defended me. The look on his mother’s face was priceless.

Gwen was sitting beside his mother with I believe her parents. The conversation had picked up but I wasn’t listening as Blake nibbled on my shoulder. This man was driving me crazy.

“Son, do you have to do that in front of everyone,” His mother scolded him.

"It's better than the kitchen," I heard Aspen.

"That's for sure," Blair said under his breath.

"I do, Mother. It would seem that some of you didn't get the message about my relationship with Ryley and I'm just making it crystal clear.

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He announced.

"But in front of the boys?" She exclaimed.

"It's nothing we haven't seen, grandma," Aspen said.

"Dear, if you didn't want to see it, you should have saved Ryley a seat to sit with her family," Blair defended me. She went off on him but I wasn't paying attention. I had noticed Isabelle walking in with Aiden. She hadn't texted me back and I wanted to speak with her.

"I'm going to speak with Isabelle." I linked Blake. He looked over to see where I was looking. He gave me a nod.

"Will you excuse me?" I announced to the table. Before I could stand from Blake's lap, he gripped my neck, crushing his lips to mine. This public show of affection was not something I was used to, or

comfortable with. But it pissed his mother off so I was happy to kiss Blake back.

"I'll be right back," I whispered to Blake after he ended the kiss. He left me breathless, as I stood up from his lap and walked toward Isabelle. I could feel his eyes on me the entire time as I made my way to Isabelle's table.

"Isabelle, Aiden, it's good to see you," I said as I approached the table.

“Ryley it’s good to see you,” Aiden said, while Isabelle looked on the verge of tears.

“Can I speak to you?” I asked her. She hesitated before nodding. Aiden kissed her cheek before she stood up. We walked around a few tables before we were standing off to the side of the dining room.

“Ryley, I,” she stammered, But I pulled her in for a hug.

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“It **wasn’t** your fault. Please don’t **blame** yourself,” I mumbled and she let out a sob before she nodded against my shoulder.

“Let’s make plans to have dinner next week. After a shopping trip. Blake helped me pack up my house so everything was donated.” I told her and she chuckled. She pulled away, wiping away some fallen tears.

“You two are so cute together,” she giggled.

“Just like you and Aiden,” I smiled. We said our goodbyes with the plan to meet up next week. She walked back to Aiden as I watched Blake deal with the people at our table. I should go back and save him but it was his mother.

I heard a mother shushing her crying baby. I looked around to find a young mother trying to eat, calm down the baby she was holding, and feed a toddler. She didn’t have anyone to help her and I could tell she was getting frustrated. Instead of walking back to my table, I walked over to the mother who needed a helping hand.

“Excuse me, is everything alright?” I asked, approaching her. Before she answered, her young daughter blew bubbles in her chocolate milk, making a mess. I held down my chuckle.

“Yes,” she sighed.

“Here, let me take the baby. You can eat and feed your daughter.” I offered. She handed me a burping cloth before handing me the newborn. I couldn’t help but coo at the tiny face looking up at me.

“Thank you.” The woman breathed out.

“It’s no problem. I’m Ryley.” I introduced myself, as I bounced the baby. I missed these **days** with Channing.

“I’m **Katy** and this is my mommy,” **the** little girl announced.

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ster,” she pouted.

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explained

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